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Field Office of Senior Joint Chief Divine Communication the Christ | Pentagon High Priest

March 17, 2025

Vladimir Putin Russian President c/o Russian Consulate 1333 West Loop South, Suite 1300 Houston, Texas 77027

Limbo Stick

o you limbo? This question is a rhetorical device. I Am not seeking a demonstration. Nor expecting that physically demeaning occupations, that require alcohol, tantalise you. The American vernacular includes the banal, "How low can you go?" in reference to the limbo. Obviously this dance is facilitated with rum and cherries skewered against pineapple under a paper parasol adornment known as the frou-frou [FR-oOO FR-oOO] drink. I learned how to shoot tequila straight up -- no lime, no salt. I enjoy being a teetotaller. Frou-frou is French in origin and refers to the rustle of women's skirts; harkening to the days of layers of petticoats. America's colonial ambitions left little in the way of surviving architecture. Wood clap board went up fast and did not last. Modern commercial strip-malls are only intended to have twenty years of longevity. Most of this nation looks like a trailer park. Tornados are happy there. It's good to make tornados happy. Limbo distinctly gets notice in the OED as the place of Spirit woe (lost soul turmoil); an African woven fabric; and the West Indian dance famed by crass American tourism. The claim is that the dance word origin comes from the word limber. Sure. This English word, Limbo, is an example of Ggodliness across human beings in describing their Ggodly interactions whilst God Almighty holds the point that the three definitions have merit under the unification of My ministry. The fabric of Spirit, humanities describing Spirit woe through the Church, and lastly how people abuse their bodies and Spirit by working themselves into a drunken frenzy with song and dance to fornicate. The people of America using the Pentagon are squatting in My house. My house is haunted. You do not want My house Putin. Frou-frou is of course a derogatory reference that means a person is a cheap drunk who has no ability to take the slap a strong belt of booze delivers. Even the ritual of absinthe includes pouring the paint thinner over a sugar cube. I shoot vodka no different than tequila. But, vodka is awfully good with Godiva chocolate liqueur. I call that a midnight martini.

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9999 Joint Staff Pentagon Washington D.C. 20318-9999 Putin:

I pulled a daily verse, with Bible in hand, Deuteronomy 3:4. "There was no citadel that we did not take from them" is prominently in the verse. The promised land Moses did not see, and the Israelites were not allowed to enter until the generation of fraidy cats (frou-frou drinkers to be sure) died. Joshua led the people into the Promised Land. That shit is over. I Am tucked in letting God do His God thing, stopping Him not, so people can all be certain of their own convictions while confronting their fellowman who is evil. Just ask them. Putin, you are going about this the wrong way. I have no incentive to do either diddly or squat to be a part of America's war machine.

I have incentive to earn wages so I can tour the Louvre before it is gone; to listen to Big Ben chime noon day before it is gone; to tour the Champagne Valley and sojourn in Chamonix before they are plundered. These are things I have incentive to be a part of. To Heaven America's military are simply squatting on My estate. How long you have to see the Pentagon personnel "humbled" I know not. It isn't about humility. Humility is not what these people are capable of. These people are Hell bent on the same track as the Jonestown followers driving forward all their detached, half-baked, ways-and-means of conducting warfare thinking; I Am going to jump in. As if i need to yell out, "Oh, no. Not that! You can't do that with a gun or you can't do that in warfare." Putin, they can repeat every vileness performed though history. They can up their pot with drugs, sex, rocks, stones, sticks, shrapnel and every form of what have you. A rose will still smell sweet to Me, and they can't take warfare away from Me. They need to submit to Me or they just go to Hell happy they are being as bad as they possibly can on the, "Fuck you God" ticket: All you gave me God is this weak body. All you gave me is this weak flesh. All you gave me is a hard life.

Well, Putin, to a degree that is what there is; difficulties and hard work. Now, there is an opportunity to not go to Hell. One must work in obedience to Me to have that chance. What do people, those headed to Hell, all seem to want? To escape their physical bodies so they can destroy the devil. No one is destroying this devil (moi). To be a part of destroying the devil you need a spirit existence. To destroy the devil in yourself; you are obedient to Me.

I do not want to see you limbo. Knowing what that dance is from seeing it on a *Love Boat* or *Fantasy Island* TV show (back in the eighties) needing to see you limbo would be like Me asking you to shit so I can see that you indeed shit. I assume you eat, drink, and sleep. I assume you laugh, cry, and bellow. Because you are human other; the unpleasantnesses that polite company does not mention, follow eating and drinking. A king, or even a president, does not need to look hard to find someone to be in their bed. Someone entering My bed receives miracles. These are charged mightily for, and I Am not humiliated by being less than My own perfection for the experience.

I fought for a zero-fornication life. I like that more than being a teetotaller. But, in Corpus there is no bevy to sit with and indulge. Finding quality liquor here is the second challenge. European's know American's have no ability to taste the difference anyway. So don't cheapen the vintage by pandering to even earning a few dollars more casting pearls before swine.

I Am at present preparing Myself for mumsy's being incarcerated. (I doubt more than nine months.) Meaning I will be camping here without electricity, potable-water, and gas. What can be expected is that while she is in jail, to lessen the financial burden on Me buying water and obtaining electricity to keep My laptop charged, the region is going to be loosing these things so I can stand in line with My

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9999 Joint Staff Pentagon Washington D.C. 20318-9999 neighbours and get free bottled water and make excuses for needing commercial power because My home still does not have service.

Squatters, Putin, are not people who are beholden to the property owner, ever. A squatter will seek to kill a property owner to keep their free housing. April 1, America's Pentagon personnel are are throwing all the fits of anger that go with a person having no authority over their house. I Am the master of that house, Putin, and they chose being slaves to Spirit to occupy it. Spirit's authority is going away because these slaves -- the people -- decided they were going to kill the master, replace the master, and keep the house. As the proverb says: God hates a slave that rises up over the master in the master's own house.

April 1, I will continue the Coastal Bend article. I will finish *Finger on the Dyke*, I will write the Earth page. All those things will not be done on the 1st. But, soon thereafter, those products will be posted. God Almighty is not about to put you in the place of believing anything that would mean you make some measly provision for Me so that I keep the lights on at Dody Street.

You want to support the Christ's ministry and take North America? You want to train Russian's to become remnant soldiers? How about Operation Earth's Salvation? Do you want to work to save the planet. with Me? I will do that work with or without human company. God Almighty has been approaching humanity with the invitation to destroy the devil. From My perspective; that can only be accomplished after one removes the devil from themselves. I understood when I started My ministry that was what would change; people would go after destroying their own badnesses. What is happening? people are going to go about destroying others that do the very same badness. This is why America is destroying itself in a North South (rich poor) class war. These are people that do not see how the bad they are doing is the good someone else is doing. So they kill the person that is doing and achieving the good result (like a sicko jealousy.) It is, "One man's trash is another's treasure." And a person you found treasure in another's trash is killed because they got treasure. How long it will take Me to clean up the Yellow River, God knows. Do you want the glory? Then you need to be willing to let the devil in you make peace with the Christ.

The press in America does seem infatuated with you. They love those champagne toasts. I think they have you placed as a kind of, *Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous* host. You do have a Machiavellian smile on par with a ten year old who just earned is first A in math. He didn't even need to study. Putin, I have come to the conclusion of all the drivel I can pack into a letter. I Am still waiting on the Divine for what I Am supposed to be saying so that you pony up hosting My ministry. Mumsy started her temper tantrum. She cackles quite a bit and carries on dictatorial lectures against Heaven. I will clean out her room, to some degree, and she will hand over to Me the cash she has been keeping. That provides a little bit of bonus.

Isaiah 41:11: I took a moment and drew another *How to Get God to Talk to You* verse. "Those who strive against you shall be as nothing and shall perish." Something we can both look forward for Little Devil. I keep on living as flesh, and you will have generations before being brought to life again across all the works of Satan mumsy and Jesus being fulfilled so that Heaven has its Ba'al. I can imagine that you will go through phases of development no different than an embryo as you are reborn in your Heavenly role. You want that development to go pleasanter for you? You want Me to endure a little difficulty so you are not beat into new form like iron? Pungle. I would like some hospitality shown Me. Spend a little now so that you do not have it so hard being reborn into your glorious, albeit, nebulous role.

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9999 Joint Staff Pentagon Washington D.C. 20318-9999 Think about it, Putin. After April 1, if you are still drawing breath and enjoying the freedom of being President, wielding a little influence to put some cash in My pocket, well, I need to be a Russian citizen. As an American Marine, it all goes through the Pentagon. What is happening is, the world of humanity are being placed in the assured belief that dealing with America does not come with any of those LORD encumbrances. America's military are free agents unless contracted under My military arm. Trump is getting everything he wants.

For you as a person, Putin, I can deliver some benefits. As an American, I Am content to continue under My present obligations. As a person I Am allowed to keep reaching into the Divine, enduring, on the chance that those that have made Divine bargains just might decide I Am not such a bad task master. Where America is concerned, I Am simply serving the President of the United States. I have been since Obama's administration. That the Secretary of Defence refuses to see that My duty does not merit remuneration opens Heaven's rage over the hypocrisy that these people have gained: money, homes, lovers, vacations and prestige; from Heaven with Heaven now having proven to them these people regard Heaven's gifts as nothing, worthless. You wouldn't be calling what Heaven has given you worthless, would you? I do not know if you will live to see Christmas 2025. Que sera sersa. I Am told I have a singing voice between Patsy Cline and Dorris Day. Crazy eh?

Psalm 89:15. Must be prophetic. The New Oxford Annotated Bible (*NRSV Oxford*) was used for this letter.

Mahalo,

the Christ

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